As true we are as flesh and bloud can be,
The Sea will ebbe and flow, heauen will shew his face:
Young bloud doth not obey an old decree,
We cannot crosse the cause why we are borne:
Therefore of all hands must we be forsworne.
*King.* What, did these rent lines shew some loue of thine?
*Ber.* Did they quoth you? Who sees the heauenly *Rosaline*,
That (like a rude and sauage man of *Inde*.)
At the first opening of the Gorgeous East,
Bowes not his vassall head, and strooken blinde:
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptorie Eagle-sighted eye
Dares looke vpon the heauen of her brow,
That is not blinded by her Maiestie?
*Kin.* What zeale, what furie, hath inspir'd thee now?
My Loue (her Mistresse) is a gracious Moone,
Shee (an attending Starre) scarce seene a light,
*Ber.* My eyes are then no eyes, nor I *Berowne*,
O, but for my Loue day would turne to night,
Of all complexions the cul'd soueraignety,
Doe meet as at a Faire in her faire cheeke,
Where seuerall Worthies make one dignity,
Where nothing wants, that want it selfe doth seeke.
Lend me the florish of all gentle tongues,
Fie painted Rhetoricke, O she needs it not,
To things of Sale a sellers praise belongs:
She passes praise, then praise too short doth blot,
A withered Hermite, fiuescore winters worne,
Might shake of fifty, looking in her eye:
Beauty doth varnish Age, as if new borne,
And gines the Crutch the Cradles infancie.
O'tis the Sunne, that maketh all things shine.
*King.* By heauen, thy Loue is blacke as Ebonie.
*Berow.* Is Ebonie like her? O word diuine?
A wife of such wood were felicitie.
O who can giue an oath? Where is a Booke?
That I may sweare beauty doth beauty lacke,
If that she learne not of her eye to looke:
No face is faire that is not full so blacke.

*Kin.*